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SPIRITUALISM'S PICTORIAL JOURNAL

TRUTH

The Psychic Observer

DON'T LET THEM DOWN!
USO

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The Quest for MIKE

My Seances With

SHAFTER CASSEL
CLIFFORD L. BIAS
ETHEL POST-PARRISH

By

Wm. K. Sharp

Deland, Florida

During a direct-voice seance at the home of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Shafter Cassels* of DeLand, Florida which occurred early in the month of December past, while Mr. Cassels was in trance, *Chief Osceola*, who is Mrs. Cassels' guide, came in and discoursed with us quite at length in his *Seminole* dialect. The writer has spoken with Osceola on numerous occasions and therefore regards this spirit with a high degree of admiration, entertaining for him at the same time a sense of genial acquaintanceship.

On the occasion above mentioned, after having conversed with the sitters present on topics of a general character, the trumpet came around to me and, in Osceola's well known voice, exclaimed, "*Medicine Man, you go south?*"

Spirit Message Checked

I replied in the affirmative—that it was my intent to go on a trip to Miami some time in the near future.

(I had casually remarked to some of the sitters present that I was intending to take a trip down to the Everglades section before long, therefore thought nothing of it that Osceola should have heard my remark.)

To my affirmation that it was my intention to visit Miami, Osceola said, "*When you go Miami you look for my great-great-grandson.*"

I then inquired, "*What is your grandson's name and where shall I look for him?*"

To this Osceola replied, speaking through the trumpet, "*You go Indian Village, ask for Mike Osceola; anybody tell you where can find.*"

Although I had held frequent conversations with these spirit entities by means of the trumpet and had received numerous suggestions from them, the idea of going in search of some person with whom I was entirely unacquainted and of whom I had never before heard, living at a place many miles distant from my home, merely at the suggestion of a spirit entity as communicated through a metal trumpet, rather intrigued me. I determined to carry out this suggestion of Osceola "*to the nth degree.*"

Accordingly, the next day I communicated with *William A. Taylor*, College Point, Winter Park, Florida, an interested investigator of psychic phenomena, explaining to him what *Osceola* had suggested and invited him to accompany me on the proposed trip. Mr. Taylor agreed wholeheartedly with the plan and we made our preparations accordingly.

However, it was the morning of the 7th of February before our plans to leave were possible of being carried out. Professional engagements, including various appointments with "the stork" and numerous other items demanding attention delayed us.

Taylor Accompanies Me

After nearly twenty-five years of medical practice, the past six years of which had been spent with scarce a single day's absence from my office incident to wartime demands and *Selective Service* activities, I found it difficult to tear myself away from this practice even for a relatively short period of time or to divert my mind from my erst-while usual work: so formidable is the power of habituation.

My itinerary led through beautiful Winter Park, the home of *Taylor*, whom I found, with all the ardor of his Scottish ancestry, "*rarin to go.*"

The first few days of our visit were pleasantly spent in *St. Petersburg*, at the hospitable home of our friends, *Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clausen* who are ardent Spiritualists, residing at *Gulf Beaches;* where we were pleased to find *Edna Dittman*, President of Cassadaga Spiritualist Association.

An Interesting Seance

On the first night of our visit, according to pre-arrangement of our friends, the Clausens, we all attended a trumpet seance conducted by the well known medium, *Clifford Bias* in *St. Petersburg*, at which extraordinary spirit communications were manifested.

On the second night of our visit we were privileged, by special arrangement, to attend the meeting of a "*Development Class*" held by *Ethel Post-Parrish* at her home in the same city, on which occasion the spirit of *Alexander Hamilton* presented itself and conversed freely and at length with friend Taylor, who had long been an ardent admirer and student of the life of this great patriot and statesman—the first Treasurer of the *United States* under *George Washington*. This conversation was most interesting and gratifying to Mr. Taylor and, indeed, to all present on this occasion.

The Indian Village

On the following Saturday afternoon, taking leave of our good friends, the Clausens, we crossed the bay by ferry to *Pinellas Point*, and thence to *Fort Myers*, the southern home of the late *Thomas A. Edison*. We found that city in gala mood, in observance of the *Edison Jubilee of Light*, commemorating the great inventor's achievement of the incandescent lamp, which was '*in full swing*" upon our arrival there.

We spent a restful night in *Fort Myers*, despite the turmoil and crowded conditions incident to the festivities and, early the next morning, proceeded down the *Tamiami Trail* toward *Naples* and the southern fringe of the *Everglade* section.

Stopping at an Indian village along the trail, we made inquiry and were informed that it was the home of *John Osceola*, a Seminole and a great-grandson of *Osceola*, famed former Chief of that tribe of Indians who had at one time inhabited a large stretch of that part of *Florida*. John was attired in his tribal dress, being engaged in the sale of Indian curios and trinkets which he displayed with obvious pride.

Down The Trail

John speaks very little English, but in his broken dialect managed to convey to us the information that at a camp eighteen miles farther down the trail lives his brother, *Billie McKinley Osceola*, who speaks "*good English*" and would afford us the information that we desired.

So acting upon John's suggestion, we proceeded on down the

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

THEY FOUND HIM

Psychic Observer

MIKE OSCEOLA
Great-great-grandson of Chief.

AN AMAZING PARTNERSHIP

British Scientist puts Mother Nature to work in the laboratory for the designing of beautiful and inspiring musical color-patterns for textiles and chinaware, etc.

LILY DALE VISITORS TO HEAR AURORATONE

By

Alexander Jones

I have just run across the most exciting news story I have had for a long long time; it is big news in so many ways that it is difficult to know just where to begin, but since there is such an important element of "*fashion*" in it, appealing to both the ladies and menfolk alike, let me try in my humble way to describe some drapery material which I have just seen being made ready to hang in a music-ward of one of the large rehabilitation hospitals on the West Coast, then I shall tell you something of the origination and significance of this particular textile design, and this will be of great interest and may prove startling at first, as it indeed did to me.

I Meet Mr. Stokes

I had the pleasure and privilege of visiting the Auroratone Laboratories of "*Music and Color*" and I shall never forget the experience. As I entered this establishment I was greeted by *Cecil Stokes*, a quiet and soft-spoken Englishman with a good-natured twinkle in his eye, who seriously suggested that I partake of some MUSIC and COLOR therapy and thus become comfortably relaxed.

I welcomed his suggestion as I had had a very strenuous business day. I was escorted to a very comfortable divan with soft pillows and which was placed at the far end of a beautifully-appointed studio with indirect lighting, and my gaze was directed to a very unusual drapery which hung at the far end of the room.

Wonder of Wonders

The design on this drapery was extremely beautiful and unlike anything I had ever seen before. The background was a very soft and delicate shade of green, and superimposed over this green was what looked to me like a large rosebud whose petals were tinged with crimson drops which gradually and subtly blended into a most illusive shade of violet.

The lights were slowly lowered, the strains of *Debussy's Clair de Lune* were heard, and, wonder of wonders, the design on the drapery came to life and around this flower-like formation came a constant rhythmic contraction and expansion of a sea of ever changing and billowing color, which caused a most astonishing emotional response.

What I Saw and Heard

Softly in the background continued the ever-beautiful *Clair de Lune* and so perfectly was the rhythm of the music timed to the ebbing and flowing of this gorgeous color-pattern that both the music and the color somehow seemed to be one. I appeared to be *hearing* what I was *seeing*, and to be *seeing* what I was *hearing*. As the strains of the melody came to an end, so did the color-pattern slowly cease to pulsate until finally the music ended and the pattern became absolutely still, and as the lights slowly came on again I saw to my utter amazement that the rose-like pattern was the original

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

BING'S "MUSICAL SCARF"

Psychic Observer

In the picture above, Bing Crosby inspects one of the Auroratone "Musical Scarfs" which features a color pattern of his voice as he recorded "Home on the Range" for Cecil Stokes, inventor of the Auroratone process of "Music in Color."

One of these scarfs, presented to the Editors of Psychic Observe by Mr. Stokes, will be on display in The Lily Dale Auditorium, Friday, July 26th . . . at which time AURORATONE will be seen and heard.

Through Mr. Stokes' own psychic faculties, the idea was received for this marvelous invention of "Music in Color." After witnessing this sound film, hundreds of hospitalized mental cases have been cured.

Visit a Psychic Observer Book Shoppe

Thousand of Spiritualists plan a vacation this summer. Hundreds are interested in looking over and selecting books on psychic science, Spiritualism, occultism and kindred subjects.

While traveling through the middle west do not fail to visit the PSYCHIC OBSERVER BOOK SHOPPE at Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp, Chesterfield, Indiana. A complete stock of American and English books are available during July and August ONLY.

While traveling through the east, stop at The PSYCHIC OBSERVER BOOK SHOPPE, Lily Dale, N. Y., where Mr. and Mrs. Pressing will help you choose titles. Nowhere else in the United States will you find as wide a selection of psychic literature. Over 5000 titles of new and used books.

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Visiting Lily Dale, N. Y., Friday, July 26th? If so, you will have an opportunity to witness an unusual program, sponsored by The Community Club. In the afternoon at 2:30 P. M., *Ed Bodin*, New York City, will deliver the lecture "A Reporter's Report on Spiritualism." Bodin will be followed by a message service given by Lily Dale mediums. In the evening, the motion picture, "AURORATONE—Music In Color" will be shown. See the blending of exquisite color whilst *John Charles Thomas* and *Bing Crosby* sing.

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AFTERWARDS - WHAT?

How You Live When You Die

OTHER WORLD EXPERIENCES

By LEOPOLD MONTAGUE

I GRADUALLY woke up from what seemed to have been a peculiarly deep sleep, stretched myself, and looked round me. The weather was splendid — clearer than I ever remember, the most distant objects being as sharply defined as if upon a painting.

In fact, there was something curiously pictorial about the landscape, for in the distance rose curious sharply pointed mountains of an almost unnatural blue-green, clothed in cypress trees, instantly recalling the background of some painting by an old master I had seen in California.

Rising and turning round, I found I was in full view of the sea, glistening a beautiful emerald green, and entering a series of picturesque rocky inlets with golden sand, but far eclipsing in picturesqueness anything I had ever come across in marine scenery.

. . . Then It Happened

I was standing on an upland, and between me and the mountains appeared to be some kind of garden city, with the tops of white buildings peeping over trees.

Never could I have imagined such delightful and interesting surroundings, though as I took in their features there seemed something indefinably odd and puzzling about them. Where was I, and how could I possibly have got here? I sat on a mossy boulder to think out the problem, feeling somewhat confused and hazy.

Yes! I remembered that I was going to take Agatha for a spin in my car. I was a bit late, and was putting on the pace. I was about to take the sharp bend at the bottom of a hill, when a big grey car suddenly swept round the corner. We were both in the middle of the road, and I made a wild effort to avoid colliding. Then—Then?

Scoffed At It All

No, it was no good, I could remember nothing further. Had the narrow shave affected my brain? I couldnt have been smashed up, or I shouldn't be here, feeling so well—in fact, strangely better than I had ever done in my life.

Yes, loss of memory was the only thing to account for it. I must have wandered away until I came to myself in this strange place. The best thing to do was

Illinois Spiritualist Leader

REV. LENA DREWS, lecturer, teacher, mental and physical medium; pastor of The First Spiritualist Church (N.S.A.) 5033 West 25th Place, Cicero, Illinois; Vice President of The Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa; secretary of The Illinois State Spiritualist Association.

Rev. Drews

Rev. Drews is scheduled to serve the Clinton camp during the summer months; Sherwood Spiritualist Camp, Sherwood, Ohio, August 4th to 9th and Lily Dale Assembly on Illinois Day.

to walk to the houses yonder and inquire my whereabouts.

I got up and briskly strode across the field. Certainly I felt curiously light and energetic. Presently I made out a figure walking towards me. He was an elderly man, and although still a long way off, his gait reminded me of someone I had known—an eccentric old fellow who had been a neighbor until he died last winter. His name was Holroyd. A bit of a crank too, belonging to some weird sect —*Theospohists*, or *Spiritualists*, or *Neo-Psychics*, I don't know which, but anyhow he never came to my church. I remembered I had objected to *Agatha* taking him up, as he tried to bamboozle her with so-called automatic writing, which of course anybody can tell is all humbug!

"Dead"—Yet Alive

Whilst my thoughts ran on in this way we had gotten a good deal nearer, and the nearer we got the more did the man look like old *Holroyd*. Finally we met. It *was* Holroyd.

"Hullo!" he cried, *"here you are then, I was sent to meet you."*

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, *"I thought you were dead."*

"Dead? Nonsense. Do I look it?"

"No," I replied, *"I never saw you looking to well before."*

"Quite so, and I'm no more dead than you are." And with that he took my arm.

"But tell me," I asked, *"where am I?"*

"Well," he answered, *"we will call it The Other Side. Don't you realize that you have come over?"*

"Come over? What are you talking about? This isn't Heaven."

"No, but you will find the conditions here very variable, including a pretty fair imitation of Heaven, as also of the other place."

"Now look here," I said, *"this joke has gone far enough. I insist on knowing the name of this place."*

"It has many. Some call it Paradise, some the Intermedite State, and some the Astral Plane; but I think the best name for it is the Place of Desire. It is the first of the resting places after passing over."

"But I have not passed over."

"Indeed you have—about two days ago, since which time you have been, as is usual, unconscious; pulling yourself together for the new conditions, so to speak. Your passing was sudden—a motor accident, I think."

I stopped walking and confronted him. *"Thank you,"* I said, *"I'm not taking any. If I'm a spirit how about these clothes—a motoring suit, you see, which I suppose gave you the idea of the accident. A suit of clothes can't have a spirit, can it now? And see — here's my old pipe in the pocket; you'll tell me that's a spirit tobacco pipe next!"*

"And so it is, my friend. I take it you generally kept it in that pocket and would expect to find it there—in fact wished for it at that moment. As for the clothes, you would hardly imagine yourself without them, except, of course, in your bath."

"Well, what then?"

"The result being that you unconsciously create them. Thoughts are things here, you know, and will-power is the chief force. As you imagine yourself to be, so will you for the time appear."

"Nonsense! How can thoughts create?"

"Don't they do so on earth? Take the building of a house, for instance. Isn't it carefully thought out and planned by the architect? Doesn't the house with all its details exist in his mind before appearing in brickwork? True, in the grossly material earth surroundings the actual construction is a matter of manual labor, but the completed building is none the less the realization of the architect's imagination. Here, where matter is far more plastic, the designer can do without the bricklayers, carpenters, and so on, and (provided his concentration is strong enough) raise his building by thought power."

"Do you mean to say that those buildings over there were erected like that?"

"Some of them, certainly. Others, like our churches, clubs and public buildings, are the result of the united conception and desires of many persons working with the same object. That makes for permanency, though nothing is very permanent here."

We walked on again, and had now reached an outlying part of the town—a broad and well-kept road with detached houses in large gardens on either side.

"If," I said, *"we can create all that we want here, I suppose I've only to desire a pocketful of money, and there it will be?"*

"Certainly," he replied, *"why don't you try? You've only to concentrate your mind sufficiently on it, that's all."*

Etheric Density

Why I should have seriously attempted such a ridiculous experiment I don't know. I knew I had only a few dollars upon me, but I forced myself to imagine a hundred dollars in my right-hand breeches pocket, which should help me to get home again. As I did so, the pocket I was thinking about seemed to become bulky. I thrust in my hand, and behold one thousand dollars were there! I was astounded. *"I don't know how you did it,"* I said, *"but I'm going to try again."*

Holroyd seemed to be laughing at me. *"I wouldn't burden myself,"* he said. *"That stuff is useless here. Only newcomers want to buy anything."*

"How so?"

"Because, as you can procure any article by thought materialization, why trouble to materialize money to buy it?"

"Ah!" cried I, thinking I had caught him out, *"Didn't you say that matter had been left behind us?"*

"Dense earthly matter, certainly; but there is a finer matter peculiar to this plane, far more easily worked on."

"It's solid enough and real enough," I demonstrated, kicking a wall.

"Yes, in our present condition this is the real, and it is the old life that has become the shadow."

Never Alone

We were now passing various pedestrians of quite ordinary aspect. *"Spirits,"* I said, *"more spirits. I've certainly heard of spirits walking, but can't they glide or fly?"*

"Certainly, if they wish to. But you see, we've walked so long that it's hard to get out of the habit. In time you will discover that distance matters nothing. If you desire to be anywhere you'll find yourself there instantly. You see that flat-roofed building opposite? I will will myself to be standing on the top of it, to convince you."

I looked across the road, and there was *Holroyd*, waving his hand from the position indicated!

Hardly believing my eyes, I turned to see if he had really left my side. Yes, I was alone: then *Holroyd* was mysteriously back again. *"You may not be able to do that yet,"* said he, *"but the power will come when you have mastered your conditions."*

For the first time I felt a bit frightened. All this was so strange, and at the back of my mind was the inexplicable gap in my memory—the great car rushing right upon me, and then this. If I were really *"dead"* then death was nothing. But surely this reproduction of earth-life surroundings, so different from what one was taught to expect, would need a lot of explanation.

"Tell me," I asked, *"If this is the after-state, why is it so like the old one?"*

"Because it is merely the continuation of the old one, and depending entirely upon it. Habits and ideas of a lifetime are not to be shaken off in a moment. Here we get rid of the baser desires we have brought with us from below, and which hinder us from rising higher."

"This then is not the end?"

"By no means: merely the state of existence next above the material. A halting place for everybody, though the period spent here is longer or shorter according to the trend of the life just over."

"And as regards religion?"

"Precisely the same religions as on earth, and most people are still convinced that their own is the only true one. Come with me, and I will show you how certain Church people have attained their ideal."

He led me down an avenue of cedars, at the end of which was a beautiful Gothic church, from the open door of which issued such glorious music as I had never heard. We looked in, and found the building filled with a congregation of the usual type, mostly women. They were singing the hymn before the sermon, and every face expressed religious beatitude.

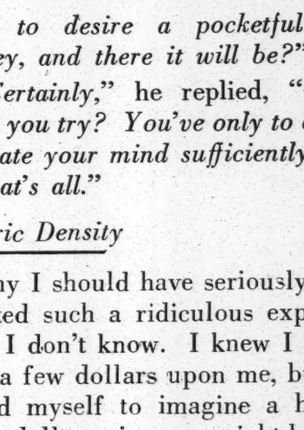
Churches In Spirit World

A slim young clergyman with a saintly expression mounted the pulpit, and we waited to hear the beginning of his sermon. He was extremely eloquent, but I was disappointed at learning nothing new from his discourse, which was entirely on the familiar lines. Yet the atmosphere of religious devotion about that congregation was truly remarkable, amounting, in fact, to ecstasy.

"You must understand," said *Holroyd*, as he drew me away, *"that all those people found the greatest spiritual delight in attending church services when on earth. Now they are so absolutely happy*

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 4)

To Be Featured at Several Spiritualist Camps



Psychic Observer

ARTHUR FORD, internationally-known lecturer, teacher, mental and trance medium, 2326 S.W. 21st Ave., Miami, Florida; Honorary President of The International General Assembly of Spiritualists; Pastor of The Church of Metaphysical Science of Miami.

Rev. Ford is also scheduled to lecture and demonstrate mental phenomena at Camp Silver Belle, Ephrata, Pa., July 14th to July 19th, incl.

He is scheduled on the official 1946 program of The Central New Spiritualist Association, for lecture and messages, August 3rd to August 16th, incl.

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By

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Prince Tuala Tamalelagi

Of the Ancient Tamalelagi Dynasty of Samoa

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Prince Tamalelagi

The above is a powerful communication directed by "Prince Michael," the Mighty Archangel, Lord of the Sun, and which forms the "INTRODUCTION" to this outstanding publication, LIGHT OF AGES." It speaks for itself!

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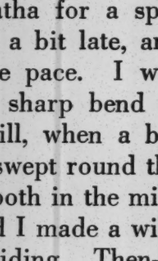

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Color aids to adjust the mental and emotional unbalancement which have caused disease.

By

Roland Hunt, Ms.D., A.M.I.C.A.

40 Eaton Terrace, Belgravia, London, S. W. 1, England

Author of "Seven Keys To Color Healing," "Fragrant and Radiant Symphony," etc.

Color is a radiant cosmic force which serves all life, organic or inorganic, whether it manifests as *Human, Animal, Plant* or *Mineral.* As a beneficent force, it saves and restores life on all these levels—and doubly does it save and serve in the *Animal Kingdom.* It does this in two ways — *directly* and *indirectly.*

Directly, color is a daily food, a specialization of *Light*, which promotes radiant health in organic life, and points with bright promise to infinite realms for research for remedies to conquer disease.

Indirectly, and in consequence of this re-direction, it helps to turn general research away from the dark probings with the knife, and the warring with serums, which have obliged our lesser brethren to forfeit their lives in a lost cause.

Cosmotherapy

Vivisection opens up no glorious transcendent vista for curing man's ills, but instead a descending ever-narrowing and darkening *cul-de-sac.* It has been truly stated, that man's release comes inevitably from the world above him rather than from the world beneath.

Professor Edmond Szekely recently stated that *"with the cosmic solar, terrestrial and human*

COLOR SPECIALIST

Psychic Observer

ROLAND HUNT

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radiations as the basis of a natural system of medicine, foundation is laid for the natural preventative and curative methods of the future."

Cosmotherapy emphasizes the futility and fallacy ethically, morally and spiritually, of *"taking sensitive life in one form in the hope of extending it in another."*

In the advanced practice of medicine and surgery, the cosmic force of *Color* is being employed as an anaesthetic in place of gas, drugs and animal serums. The manner in which a manipulative surgeon, using *Color-anaesthesia*, is able to remove fibroidal growths and crystalline deposits without incision or pain, and with the subject in a happy, normal consciousness, is described by the writer in his recent book *"Seven Keys to Color Healing"* in which he gives the rationale of this wondrous power.

Little-known Facts

Very delicate operations are capable of being performed upon human or animal subjects without any special preparation or *"build-up,"* moreover there are no undesirable *after-effects* such as usually result from the use of old-time anaesthetics.

As the technique of using these natural forces develops, humanity can be saved the pain and cruelty inflicted by disease—and by its removal — as in turn our mute brethren may be spared the sufferings which vivisection and the procurration of animal drugs and serums often entails.

Furthermore, it is an occult fact, truly stated, that in the large sense, cruelty inflicted upon subhuman life but prolongs the duration of disease of all kinds in the stratum of Life that inflicts it.

Color Cures Disease

Those trained *seer-diagnosticians* who are able to trace disease to its origin offer the astounding information that many types of ailments, including growths, originate in our emotional nature, and are especially due to callousness and cruelty. If, therefore, we would rid ourselves of pain *we must stop inflicting it.*

Color aids to adjust the mental and emotional unbalancement which have caused disease. It promotes the balancement we call good health. Color is being used in our modern asylums and institutes for the care of the mentally and emotionally unbalanced through the services of colored walls, window panes, skylights, and color-therapy lamps.

For an objectively-minded person one of the attractive color-lamps as designed by the writer, provides a range of color-wave-frequencies covering the stimulative, sedative and recuperative requirements of the individual. Color does not seek to cure the results of disease, *it cures disease at its cause by establishing harmony.*

Color Effects Dogs

There is definite evidence of emotional reaction to color in animal and insect life. Everybody knows that the color red will inflame a bull. Similarly, the resulting effects of crimson and deep shades of red upon an excitable dog were observed. When brought to the writer and placed in a room with soporific blue lights, the dog behaved quietly and happily, and it soon lay down and went peacefully off to sleep.

While writing this article, information has just been received from a student regarding treatment given to her dog immediately after a recent air raid. She writes *"The dog was in a dreadful state of fright, panting, running to and fro, not knowing where to hide, trembling and his entire system upset. The thought came to me to give him Color Treatment.*

"I gave him the Violet Ray for a few minutes and he lay down. I gave him longer with the Blue Ray and all agitation and panting and sickness ceased; it soothed and quitened him.

"I then gave him a Green Treatment and he lay as though asleep. After a little while I asked him if he wanted to go for a walk and he was up and ready. On our return he was quite ready for a meal. This morning he was 'full of beans'. I feel sure if he had not received the treatment he would have been quite exhausted today."

Animals Are Psychic

There are almost incredible reactions and discriminations between colors in the insect world. *Dr. A. Katz*, in a recent address before the *Royal Society of Arts* produced unexpected facts on the reactions of bees and butterflies to certain shades of color. Whilst geminologists have shown that blemishes may be removed from gems, and their luster improved, by an immersion for a period in strong color rays.

It is evident that certain animals see more than the physical reflection of color. There are etheric waves of color which every individual radiates in his magnetic atmosphere, or aura.

Etheric Color in the language of the Angelic Worlds, as well as the real (common) language of men and animals. The colors in the mental and emotional aura of man can change according to the virtue of the thought which he radiates. Whether he radiates fear, lust-to-kill, or love immediately out-pictures and is detectable to many animals.

"Color Awareness"

It is, in this way, understandable why the wild animals of the forest and the birds of the air flocked to the little loving brother of the friendless, *St. Francis of Assissi*, for he mutely spoke their language, the universal tongue.

The methods of learning and using this universal medium to express and heal is explained in lessons in *"Color Awareness."*

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to

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The Editors.

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Psychic Observer

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(X-193)

The Quest for MIKE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Trail and reaching the designated camp we found *Billie McKinley Osceola*, jovial mannered and readily capable of conversing with us.

Billie McKinley appears to be a sort of "*head man*" among his tribe and was easily prevailed upon to give us the information sought. He informed us that "*Mike Osceola*," whose name had been given to me through the trumpet at DeLand, was in fact his (Billie McKinley Osceola's) son, and gave us specific directions as to how and where we should find "*Mike*," telling us that he was, indeed, at the *Indian Village* in *Miami*

Mike Was Busy

Following these directions implicitly, we proceeded over the remaining lap of our journey. Arriving in Miami in mid-afternoon, we easily located the Indian Village in that city, immediately inquiring for *Mike Osceola*, whom we soon discovered to be in charge of the excellent "*Alligator Exhibit*," attracting the attention of numerous visitors.

Mike is a very busy man, but he courteously promised us an interview on the following Tuesday

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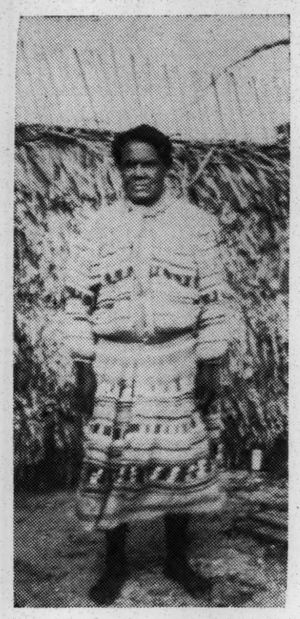
WHERE THEY FOUND HIM

Psychic Observer

This is a picture of Billie McKinley Osceola's Indian Camp near Miami, Florida.

HE KNEW THE ANSWERS



Psychic Observer

JOHN OSCEOLA

Great grandson of Chief Osceola in tribal costume.

oo

morning. Accordingly, on Tuesday we went to his place of business and although still very closely engaged, he soon came out to see us.

Thereupon Mr. Taylor, acting as spokesman for the party, confided to Mike the purport of our visit; stating that we had been directed by the spirit of his great-great grandfather, *Chief Osceola*, to call upon him, to which account he listened attentively.

Another Seance

Mike appeared to evince no visible surprise at this somewhat strange and unusual incident, but willingly answered all of the questions which we asked of him; indicating to the writer that these "*children of the forest*" are frequently accustomed to "*spirit communications*" and are usually wont to regard them with credulity.

Mike manifested the usual taciturnity characteristic of his *Seminole* race, but was readily comuliant with our request that he permit us to photograph him; which we did.

After having "*taken*" the photographs, it occurred to me that I had neglected to clean the rear lens of the camera, which had been lying idle and not used for a number of years past. We were apprehensive lest dust should have accumulated on the lens and the photographs which we had been so desirous of securing might thereby be greatly depreciated.

On the night of my return to my home, near DeLand, I stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cassels where a trumpet scance was in progress. Although somewhat late, I entered by a rear door and was received into the seance room.

Truth Substantiated

Very soon thereafter the stentorian voice of the great **British** scientist, *Sir William Crookes* was heard thru the trumpet. Having listened to that splendid voice on so many occasions, I feel that I should recognize it at any time among a thousand.

During the conversation, Sir William mentioned several incidents that had occurred on our way during the trip. Being still apprehensive regarding the success of my photographs, I mentioned this fact to him; referring to my failure to remove the dust from one of the lenses of my camera, whereupon *Sir William* assured me that he was certain that the photographs would be good, despite my failure to clean the lens. Photographs accompanying this article, prove the correctness of his judgment. *The foregoing account is given in substantiation of the truth of spirit communication.*

'Give Me Liberty'

By ED BODIN

Reviewed by Justin J. Case

The writings of Psychic Reporter Ed Bodin, especially those in the *Psychic Observer*, always have appealed to me—so I asked Mr. Bodin to let me see a copy of his new book entitled "GIVE ME LIBERTY" (Dale News, Inc., $2.50). I have just finished reading it, and I am thrilled.

In this book of spiritual hope, Mr. Bodin calls himself a "*Vagabond of God*"; and every person who loves God, especially Spiritualists, will be impressed by the book's sincere narrative and verse as it tells the story of vagabonds (particularly mental vagabonds) since the days of the *Nazarene*.

The book is for common people of all faiths, races and nationalities who seek peace and good will and human kindness; and it contains laughter, pathos, drama and inspiration. Only a man who believes in survival and communication could write such a book.

Religions Are Weak

The powerful verses which follow every narrative, are so rhythmic, that with one reading I have been able to memorize many of them, as follows:

(after telling of materialistic scientists, Mr. Bodin writes:)

How they condemned with scornful breath
The theory, soul lives after death.
They claimed that life had passed away
When human matter met decay.

But now atomic force has shown
That death explodes a strength unknown
As mortal mind is changed to be
Eternal spirit energy.

And in another narrative, *Mr. Bodin* tells of psychic forces around sinners as well as saints, as follows:

Just to witness evil creatures
In the realm of psychic sight,
Man would reach for angel features
Greeting him in spirit light.

But if man allows these devils
In his presence long to dwell,
They will drag him down to levels
That the known as earthly hell.

The book points out the weaknesses of dogmatic religions, and extols the consciousness of God and love of neighbor. I agree with *Stewart Robb* who also read the book aand comments: "*GIVE ME LIBERTY carries the power of a modern St. Paul, and will open the way to a new era of peace and good will among Christians, Jews and all other members of mankind.*"

"I Was a Vagabond"

In a preface, *Mr. Bodin* says in part: "*May I say that I was born to a Christian family, and christened by that great Congregational minister, the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman who headed the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America? I was a member of his church and his Bible Class. I also attended his radio broadcasts. He was a man of love and tolerance.*

Ed BODIN

"*But when I came back from the First World War, I was no longer a denominational Christian. I was a Vagabond of God on the Highway of the Nazarene . . . a mental wanderer seeking truth, liberty and human kindness, and looking for the best in people and a chance to be of service. I wanted to apply the consciousness of the resurrected Nazarene to LIVING as well as to believing. For I was grateful for being alive after experiencing the hell of war, and glad to have a chance to develop my soul in adult life.*"

Survival—Only Hope

No wonder Mr. Bodin has the respect of all Spiritualists. One can get the glory of spirit truth all through GIVE ME LIBERTY, for as Mr. Bodin puts it: '*Survival is the hope of the world, and communication its joy.*'

AN AMAZING PARTNERSHIP

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

design on the softly hung drape which I had observed as I took my seat upon the divan.

Mr. Stokes then entered the studio from the projection room and casually explained to me that this was a new way of creating textile designs, and that the drapery design which I had just seen in motion and accompanied by the beautiful *Clair de Lune* music, was the first of a series of what he termed *Auroratone Textile Patterns of Music.*

Visual Harmony

Cecil Stokes then went on to tell me, in response to my inquiry, that he had gone into "*partnership with Mother Nature Herself*" in the matter of creating designs and setting them in motion to music and then photographing them on motion picture color film. There was an easy and entirely disarming manner about my host as he chatted away about these "*color-patterns of music*" of "*visual harmony*" of "*music in color*" the "*invisible wonders of Mother Nature made visible*" and so on.

Whenever I was tempted to put my tongue in my cheek, so to speak, Mr. Stokes had a perfect way of backing up what he was saying by reaching out and flipping a switch or two and powerfully demonstrating exactly what he was talking about. Somehow one just instinctively KNEW that this young man knew exactly what he was doing and that what he said he could back up.

Toyed With the Idea

There came to my mind the tremendous significance, psychologically speaking, of the association of certain color-designs with certain accompanying phrases of music. Personally if I ever saw that exquisite rose design again anywhere, that portion of *Clair de Lune* which had accompanied it as I sat in Mr. Stokes' studio, would instantly flash through my mind.

I found myself toying with the idea that I would like to own a beautiful necktie upon which had been transferred and reproduced in their incomparable beauty, a sectional color-pattern which had appeared in "*Home on the Range*" as sung by *Bing Crosby.*

Bing happens to be my favorite male singer, so what a thrill to own anything either to wear or to tastefully decorate my home, that represented to me, the visual harmony and full rich tones of Bing's friendly voice.

Personally I began to visualize new drapes in my den at home; drapes upon which was reproduced the Auroratone color-pattern I had picked out as I sat listening to and seeing mystical interpretations of the haunting "*Moonlight Sonata*" on the Auroratone screen.

Lives Are Inspired

I came away from Mr. Stokes' Auroratone "*Music in Color*" laboratories feeling better than when I went in, and literally bursting with a desire to tell the world all about the soothing, inspiring and intriguing technique of this amazing partnership I had just encountered . . . a serious and kindly-rumored young man of scientific and artistic bend, and Mother Nature, the greatest artist, sculptress and designer of all time . . . *a partnership which would seem destined to bring more beauty, harmony, and inspiration into the lives of millions who are reaching out for finer, higher and more permanent values in this sad war-torn world.*

For additional information write:

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MY CONVICTION
— How I Received It —

By

BELLE TURNER DAICHES

Positive Evidence Received Through the Mediumship of Lula Taber.

"Byron, Station to Station" (*) should be read by all who have unquestioned faith in, as well as by those who still doubt, the phenomena of Spiritualism. Despairing, bereaved mothers of the last Great War should particularly read it.

This book relates the experiences of the author in a number of seances in detailed chronological fashion. The deep, human interest is emphasized as you read that a mother, hungry for reunion with her son, sets out to seek it and finds verification in her explorations.

Coleen Owen Britt of Ailiance, Nebraska is the mother of Byron who had reached his sixteenth birthday. He was talented as a musician and expert as an amateur radio operator. The father is an army officer who served in both World Wars.

The loss of her dearly beloved son and the separation from her husband would have been far too much to endure in her loneliness if she had not found joy and great happiness through the phenomena of Spiritualism, principally through direct-voice and materialization.

A great friendship arose between Mrs. Britt and *Lula Taber*. The manifestations were so adequate that Mrs. Britt accompanied *Mrs. Taber* wherever her engagements took her and so the scene shifts from place to place mostly in the middle west. The seances are varied enough to provide interest to any reader.

My Boy Returns

To quote from the book, *'When Byron went over to spirit side of life, I almost went insane. I became an atheist. I searched but could find no source of comfort. A week after his passing, his father and I were riding over a quiet road in the Ozarks when to our ears came clearly the sound of the Morse code.*

"We were both startled and my husband stopped the car so that we could be sure as to whether or not we were really hearing something. The code continued for what seemed several minutes, after which we drove on, wondering.

"Byron was an amateur radio operator and we talked over the fact that the code he was always sending, sounded just like what we had heard. However, we soon cast the incident aside as a product of our imagination; yet in my heart I knew it was real.

"A year later, in despair, I consulted a medium. She was kind and sympathetic, and told me of a materializing medium, Lula Taber of St. Louis, Missouri, who was to be in our city soon.

"Paul and I talked it over and decided to attend a seance. We were not believers but we were seekers after truth. We knew no one in the group which gathered that evening. We had made no appointment. We had told no one we were going to attend.

"There were sixteen men and women gathered in a semi-circle in front of the medium, who sat behind light-weight black curtains during the seance. Before going behind the curtain, she explained briefly about the phenomena. The lights were dimmed to a dull red glow. We all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer and in singing a few songs.

"In a few minutes a pretty little girl stepped out from between the curtains and told us that her name was Star-Bright, the medium's guide, and that she would do her best to have a good meeting for us.

"Numerous spirit folk appeared and talked that night, but when Byron, our son, came to us, said his name, kissed us and said that he was happy, we felt the first mental relief we had experienced since he passed from earth life.

"Most of my time had been spent in tears and morbid existence; now I could even sing songs, and that was something I had never been able to do since I last sang them with him. We attended practically all of the seances which Mrs. Taber held.

Coleen BRITT

"After seeing Byron many times, and hearing him many more times in trumpet seances, I am convinced that the only grief one should experience at the passing of a loved one is loneliness.

"There should be no sorrow for the one who has passed to spirit side for there they can be happier than they ever could be here. They can do many more things, go many more places and live a more interesting and satisfying life than we. Byron has played the violin for us many times. At another time he sang me a mother song unlike any I have ever heard."

What earmarks the book is not the narration but the sincerity with which it is written and the pains the author takes to make the material, authentic and true. Every manifestation is tested by her for evidence and what she is sure of, is convincingly related. It leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that an over-eager readiness to accept, colored any of the sittings described.

Unusual phenomena is recorded such as the building in ectoplasm of musical instruments, the violin, 'cello and guitar, and of being played upon. The manifestation of a baby who actually cried in characteristic fashion are described with conviction for *Mrs. Britt* was not a mere spectator but had an opportunity to witness manifestations as a curtain-tender at the cabinet for she is herself a medium.

Phenomena Explained

There is no attempt to intrude a physiological, psychological or biological explanation of phenomena. This is a straightforward account, carrying emphasis of belief by its very earnestness. The anguish of the bereaved mother is vividly felt and one rejoices with her as she visits with the boy she thought lost to her forever.

As to *Star-Bright* and the picture of her in the book, I can vouch for its likeness. I had a very close view of her when she suddenly appeared in front of the cabinet at a seance when I stood at it for my own to come through. What is not mentioned is that the height of *Star-Bright*, Rev. Taber's guide, reaches that of the man sitting at the side of the cabinet (see picture, this page) and this emphasizes her diminutive appearance.

'Byron, Station To Station"

Not mentioned in the book, the following transpired and was related to me by Mrs. Britt. One of the seances at an *Omaha (Nebraska)* service terminated shamefully and painfully for the mediums. A police officer in civilian dress was in the audience and arrested both Rev. Taber and Mrs. Britt. They were confined to jail over-night. Only Rev. Taber's insistence at the trial that she was performing what is to her a religious rite in the name of her religion and which is free from persecution in our land, won her her release.

In the story figures a clergyman who gave aid to the police in order to further the persecution. He had to acceed when the freedom ordained through the Constitution of the United States was invoked. To such lengths do our mediums even of today undergo persecution and torment.

The title *"Byron, Station to Station"* is indicative of radio amateur radio signals. If Spiritualism does no more than bring comfort and consolation to the bereaved, it can be pursued on that ground alone. Yea, but it does more.

Spiritual Philosophy

In the case of *Coleen Owen Britt*, she has absorbed it avidly; has developed mediumship; has given messages; has been an able attendant at materializations, that rare and most fascinating of all phenomena; and finally she has been ordained in the ministry of Spiritualism.

The book furnishes a factual basis of proof which utilized all the senses. Mediumship is manifested through the extension of the five senses and includes a sixth sense, some call telepathy, common to all but which requires development in most of us. Even specially gifted mediums sit to develop new phases of phenomena.

Education is too often assumed only for the external world but what is far more needed and more basic, is the educatoin of the inner being. The development of mediumship to its highest form is distinctly part of life for it is not valuable alone for this world but for life in the whole universe.

Byron, when asked by his mother for a closing thought for her book offered the following:

"In a world gone mad with the desire to create destruction of both material and spiritual buildings, there must be a rock of such great strength that nothing created by man can destroy. This rock is the belief in God, and in the world he has created for all the terrified and crucified when they are privileged to leave the place called earth.

"Therefore, let nothing take from you the right to build your house against this rock. It is yours for the asking and all you need for a foundation is unshaken belief and the will to make your belief known to all with whom you come in contact.

"Do not be afraid of persecution. Was Jesus afraid? Do not be afraid of ridicule. Was He afraid to stand before those who stoned and belittled him. God is good and God is the all-wise power. Ask His guidance and His strength and it will not be refused you."

(*) Price $1.00 — Dale News, Inc.

STAR BRIGHT

Psychic Observer

This picture of the materialized form of Star Bright was taken during a materialization seance held by Lula Taber, noted physical medium. The picture was taken by Dr. W. E. Hughes, 3606 Gravois Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. The man at the right is one of the twenty persons present at the seance, all of whom vouch for the authenticity of the photograph.

Freeville Camp Now Open

SEASON CLOSES SEPT. 1

The fifty-first annual session of The *Central New York Spiritualist Association*, known as *"Freeville Camp,"* opened June 15th at *Freeville*, N. Y., according to *Ray B. Babcock*, Trustee.

During the month of June, *Maude Kline* of Kansas City, Missouri and *Frederick Mitchell* of Buffalo, N. Y., were the featured workers. *Dorothy Maxwell*, Lily Dale, N. Y., is scheduled July 6th to 12th, inclusive.

Other speakers and mediums throughout the season are: *Mabel Barnes*, Pontiac, Michigan, July 13-19; *T. John Kelly*, Buffalo, N. Y., July 20 to August 2nd; *Arthur Ford*, Miami, Florida, August 3rd to August 16th; *Lucy A. Walker*, Buffalo, N. Y., August 17th to September 1st.

Three Services Sunday

Beginning this season, an auditorium seance is scheduled every Saturday evening at 8. There will be three services every Sunday, 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 8 P. M. Monday is *"rest day"* but weekday services are being held Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 8 and every Wednesday, 2:30 and 8 P. M.

Miss *Clara Osborne*, Gloversville, N. Y., supervises the morning philosophical conference held at 10:30 each week, Tuesday through Friday. At 4 each Sunday and Wednesday afternoon, a message service is held at Freeville's Forest Temple. Miss Osborne is chairlady at these conferences and visiting mediums are being invited to co-operate.

The 1946 Board of Directors are: President, M. B. *Sturdevant;* Vice President, Ruth *Button;* Secretary, E. W. *Alvord*, 407 Hector St., Ithaca, N. Y.; Treasurer, Mrs. Ray B. *Babcock;* Trustees, Celestia *Wood*, Enoch *Pratt*, Bennie *Fuller*, Mrs. Hugh *Mitchell* and Ray *Babcock*.

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(P-194)

A DEATH - BED CASE

By

ALEX T. BAIRD
15 Delvin Road, Catchcart
Glasgow, S. 4, Scotland

Some weeks ago, a friend of mine, quite recently interested in Survival, asked me what, in my opinion, was the best case for Survival on record. I replied that though there were many excellent cases on record, no such verdict could be given for the simple reason that standards of evidence varied with different people and what was acceptable to one was not to another.

I did not know of any instance that was entirely *fool-proof*—reducing the critics to complete silence. They always fell back on fraud, telepathy or traveling clairvoyance as explanations.

The (1) *death-bed case* reported by *Lady Florence E. Barrett* was considered excellent by many psychical researchers but it was turned down on the grounds of simple telepathy, by the hostile critics.

My friend did not know of this case so there and then I afforded him an opportunity to read it.

Lady Barrett's Experience

At the end of the perusal, he was silent for a minute or two, then he said, *"I think that is splendid. Where is the alleged flaw in it?"*

"The critics declared," I said, *"that the mind of the dying girl collected the fact of the death of her sister Vida who had pre-deceased her from the minds of those who stood around the bed-side. A mental process then created an apparition of the dead sister and the whole thing was nothing less than a hallucination."*

"Well, I suppose that could explain it, in a way, yet somehow I feel, within my bones, that it is not true. I think it was actually the dead sister herself. Don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

As this case may not be well known to the American public, I present it here, in its entirety. I wonder what the reader's reaction will be?

This incident occurred when *Lady Barrett* was attending a patient in the *Mother's Hospital* at *Clapton, England,* of which she is one of the obstetric surgeons. She received an urgent message from the resident medical officer, *Dr. Phillips,* to come to a patient, *Mrs. B.,* who was in labor and suffering from serious heart trouble.

Lady Barrett went at once, and the child was delivered safely, though the mother was dying at the time. After seeing other patients *Lady Barrett* went back to *Mrs. B.'s* ward, and the following conversation occurred, which was written down soon afterwards. *Lady Barrett* writes:

When I entered the ward *Mrs. B.* held out her hands to me and said, *"Thank you, thank you for what you have done for me—for bringing the baby. Is it a boy or a girl?"*

Then holding my hand lightly she said, *"Don't leave me, don't go away, will you?"*

And after a few minutes, while the house surgeon carried out some restorative measures, she lay looking up towards the open part of the room, which was brightly lighted, and said, *"Oh, don't let it get dark, it's getting so dark . . . darker and darker."* Her husband and mother were sent for.

At the Bed-side

Suddenly she looked eagerly towards one part of the room, a radiant smile illuminating her whole countenance. *"Oh, lovely, lovely,"* she said.

I asked, *"What is lovely?"*

"What I see," she replied in low intense tones.

"What do you see?"

"Lovely brightness, wonderful beings."

It is difficult to describe the sense of reality conveyed by her intense absorption in the vision.

Then—seeming to focus her attention more intently on one place for a moment—she exclaimed, almost with a joyous cry, *"Why, it's Father! Oh, he is so glad I'm coming, he is so glad. It would be perfect if only W. (her husband) could come too."*

Her baby was brought for her to see. She looked at it with interest and then said, *"Do you think I ought to stay for baby's sake?"*

Then turning towards the vision again, she said, *"I can't, I can't stay, if you could see what I do, you would know I can't stay."*

But she turned to her husband, who had come in, and said, *"You won't let baby go to anyone who won't love him, will you?"* Then she gently pushed him to one side, saying, *"Let me see the lovely brightness."*

I left shortly after and the matron took my place by the bedside. She lived for another hour and appeared to have retained to the last the double consciousness of the bright forms she saw and also of those attending her at the bedside; *i.e.,* she arranged with the matron that her premature baby should remain in the hospital till it was strong enough to be cared for in an ordinary household.

(Signed) Florence E. Barrett.

o o

Dr. Phillips, who was present, after reading the notes wrote to *Sir William F. Barrett,* saying that he *"fully agrees with Lady Barrett's account."*

The most important evidence is yet to come, and it was supplied by the matron of the hospital, who sent the following account:

I was present shortly before the death of *Mrs. B.,* together with her husband and her mother. Her husband was leaning over her and speaking to her when, pushing him aside, she said, *"Oh, don't hide it, it's so beautiful."*

Then turning away from him towards me, I being on the other side of the bed, *Mrs. B.* said, *"Oh, why, there's Vida,"* referring to a sister of whose death three weeks previously she had *not* been told. Afterwards the mother, who was present at the time, told me, as I have said, that *Vida* was the name of a dead sister of *Mrs. B.'s,* of whose illness and death she was quite ignorant, as they had carefully kept this news from *Mrs. B.* owing to her serious illness.

(Signed) Miriam Castle, Matron

o o

Mrs. B.'s mother—*Mrs. Clark*—furnished *Sir William F. Barrett* with an independent report:

I have heard you are interested in the beautiful passing of my dear daughter's spirit from this earth on January 12, 1924.

The wonderful part of it is the history of the death of my dear daughter, *Vida,* who had been an invalid some years. Her death took place on December 25, 1923, just two weeks and four days before her younger sister, *Doris,* died.

My daughter Doris, Mrs. B., was very ill at that time, and the matron at the Mothers' Hospital deemed it unwise for *Mrs. B.* to know of her sister's death.

Therefore, when visiting her we put off mourning and visited her as usual. All her letters were also kept by request until her husband had seen who they might be from before letting her see them.

This precaution was taken lest outside friends might possibly allude to the recent bereavement in writing to her, unaware of the very dangerous state of her health.

When my dear child was sinking rapidly she said, *"I can see Father . . . He has Vida with him."* Then she said, *"Do you want me, Dad? I am coming. . ."*

(Signed, Mary C. Clark.

LEARNED PHILOSOPHER

Psychic Observer

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HAMMOND, one of America's outstanding Spiritualist scholars; a graduate of Morris Pratt Institute; has presented the science, philosophy and religion of Modern Spiritualism, via class instruction and church ministry, for the past thirty years.

During July and August, each Saturday evening, he is Chairman of "The Thought Exchange" at Lily Dale where he is also scheduled to deliver a series of lectures during the current season. His home is Cassadaga, Florida.

NOTED MEDIUM WRITES BOOK

Psychic Observer

SOPHIA WILLIAMS, 1961 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, California; famous medium of Hamlin Garland's lost book, "The Mystery of The Buried Crosses."

Just recently, she has published a book, "You Are Psychic" (Dale News, Inc. $2.00) in which she claims that "psychic power is normal and possessed by every person."

This book also teaches a simple method of development which may aid many in planning their future in such a way that they may enjoy health, prosperity and a better understanding of the law of cause and effect.

AFTERWARDS WHAT?

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 5)

in the more glorious services that are possible here, that they would tell you that they are in Heaven. Of the services they never weary, and they are practically perpetual."

"And that building over there," I said, *"what is it?"*

"A lecture-hall chiefly used by agnostics and free-thinkers. We have dissenting chapels of every sect known on earth, to say nothing of a few new ones, and you would find Buddhist temples and Mohammedan mosques in the regions devoted to the Eastern races. In short, every religion is practised somewhere here."

"But surely death should settle all religious questions?"

Hunger—An Illusion?

"Wherefore? Why should the mere fact of dying, as you call it, immediately confer supernal knowledge? We have changed the nature of our bodies, certainly, but we know no more on coming over than we did before. The only thing that 'death' teaches us is that we survive the change."

"It seems a queer place," I said. *"I seem to be getting hungry. Is that an illusion?"*

"Precisely. We don't need to eat, but we can eat if we want to; that is, of course, in imagination. Newcomers generally go on eating and drinking for a period, but as the effect upon the body is nil, they soon get out of the habit. The same applies to smoking. After a few experiments you'll find it gives no satisfaction. Now come to the Assembly Rooms and let me introduce you to our company."

We entered a building in which was a large hall with an open arcade looking towards the mountains. A kind of reception seemed to be going on, and I immediately recognized several friends and acquaintances who had certainly *"shuffled off the mortal coil"* long ago What I learned here would fill volumes. Enough that I was at last convinced that I was veritably in the *PLACE OF DESIRE.*

The Purpose of "Return"

Time passed — days, months, possibly years. Earthly time is arbitrary: real time is a matter of experiences. Even in the old life an hour at a railway station, waiting for a delayed train, seemed five times the length of an hour spent in some absorbing occupation.

When new impressions crowd upon one, time passes like magic. We may not be subject to the old laws here, and perhaps pass through an infinitude of experiences in a few ticks of the old clock. I do not know.

I had been so busy and engrossed in the new work I was given to do that the events of the old life seemed to be centuries remote, and soon grew dim and hazy.

My only desire connected with the past was to let *Agatha* know that I was all right. I feared my loss had been a great shock to her, as we were shortly to have been married. I worried about this more and more, and at length consulted *Holroyd* as to the possibilities of communicating. I may say that I soon discovered that his position here was higher than I guessed He is a kind of teacher and guide.

None Are So Blind . . .

He told me that the automatic writing that I had objected so much to his practising with *Agatha,* is one of the easiest ways of communicating with those on earth. He is sure that she sometimes tries to get into touch with me in this way, and promises to take me to her next time she does so.

* * * *

We have tried the experiment. *Agatha* was seated at the table, loosely holding a pencil over a sheet of paper. *Holroyd* instructed me how to attempt to guide it. The result at first was unintelligible scribble, but by and by a legible word appeared here and there, sometimes suggested by me, but quite as often by her own thoughts.

It was very difficult and I found my strength waning. Still I have great hopes as, before my power failed entirely, I succeeded in making the pencil write: *"Try again tomorrow night."*

I have tried again, many times, and now it is quite simple. I can use her pencil freely as her hand races across the page. She is quite unconscious of what she is writing, and makes fewer mistakes when reading, or thinking, of something else. Perhaps she will publish my experiences. *They might open people's eyes.*

— 1946 —
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What I Observe by R. G. Pressing

That "FRAUD-CRY"

Almost since the very beginning of "*Modern Spiritualism*," mediums have had to absorb criticism and ridicule not only from the public but from those classified as "*their people.*" It has been said and rightfully so that most of the abuse, hurled at mediums, comes from those who know the least about psychic phenomena or those who have never read a book on the subject.

Criticism also comes from those who accuse mediums just from "*hear-say.*" Still others choose to circulate "*facts*" about mediums—sent them by disgruntled persons—without ever having witnessed the phenomena received through the medium accused.

And lastly, aspersions are cast against mediums by those who "*sat*" for unfoldment of mediumship to no avail . . . coming to the conclusion that, since they cannot "*get it,*" all other mediums must be consciously producing their phenomena.

A splendid article, published in "*Two Worlds*" in 1895, proves that these accusations have been going on over fifty years. Here is the article:

"Charges of fraud against mediums are being freely bandied about. We do not say that sometimes mediums have not tricked, but we do say that results sometimes look suspicious when mediums are innocent of all wrongdoing. Sensitives have been compromised and indeed charged with fraud, when in reality they were unconscious, and affected by the "*suggestion*" of spirits in or out of the body . . . Snap judgments and hasty condemnation are not conducive to the successful discovery of truth. . . .

"The idea that mediums are men and women, as honest and earnest a class of people as any other, with rights like others, never seems to enter the minds of a great many folk. That they have seen or heard something that in their jealous minds looks like fraud, is sufficient to cause them to raise a hue and cry against the medium. Put yourself in the medium's place, and how would you like the same treatment?

"What is wanted is patient and persevering observation in a truth-seeking spirit, undaunted by difficulties. In a fair and honorable investigation we have little doubt of the result. But why mediums should be expected to "*vindicate their honor*" and *Prove* that they are not frauds but genuine mediums, every time a prejudiced, hot-headed materialist, or an interested showman chooses to dub them frauds and cheats, we cannot tell. Mediums should maintain their self-respect, calmly go their way, and let their lives, and character, and mediumship be the all sufficient answer."

—oo—

Woodworth Elected

At the last annual convention of "*The Illinois State Spiritualist Association* (N.S.A.) *William Woodworth* was elected as member of the Board of Directors. The entire I.S.A.A. 1946 board: President, Freda *Brown;* Vice president, Teresa Rene *Hayden;* Second Vice President, J. W. *Bessette;* Secretary, Lena *Dews;* Treasurer, Alice M. *Buechel;* Trustees, Ernest *Schoenfeld*, William *Woodworth* and Charles *Craig.*

—oo—

Leaf in Iceland

During the past two years, *Horace Leaf*, noted English author and medium has been living in *Edinburgh, Scotland.* In a recent communication, Leaf writes: "*I leave for Iceland this month and will write you from there.*"

—oo—

Spiritualism in Sweden

A letter has just been received from *Rolf Carleson*, editor of *The Spiritualist*, a 16-page book size monthly spiritualist journal which is sponsored by The *Stockholm Spiritualist Society.* This society, with headquarters at Vitalisvagen, 12 in the city of *Stockholm, Sweden*, has 500 members and 400 subscribers to the journal. They hold three or four meetings each month, with lectures, seances and open forum discussions.

Editor *Carleson* says: "*There is a shortage of mediums here in Sweden. We have two direct-voice, one materialization, and several trance mediums. The interest in Spiritualism is gaining rapidly and our society endeavors to keep the standard as high as possible. My first experience with Spiritualism was with your late Cecil M. Cook of New York City. I was only a boy then but my father had some very good evidence through her mediumship.*"

—oo—

Hazelwood Ordination

At the 27th anniversary of *The Church of Spiritual Promotion and Harmony*, 532 Springfield Ave., Newark, New Jersey, the venerable leader and pastor of the church, *Katherine Hazelwood*, was recently ordained. Taking part in the service as officiating ministers were: *Rev. Anna Doerner Simms* and *Rev. H. C. Millare.* Others present assisting in the ceremony were: Frank *Rausch*, Joseph *Sullivan*, Gus *Miller*, Rev. R. *Pratt*, Rev. D. *Fields*, Rev. *Anderson*, Rev. *Jackson*, Rev. *Morse*, Rev. *White Cloud* and Mr. *Braun*, the Church Steward.

ORDINATION AT NEWARK

Psychic Observer

In the picture above (left) Rev. Kathcrine Hazelwood; (right) Rev. Anna Doerner Simms . . . taken during the ordination ceremony recently when the former was ordained.

—oo—

Brownell Passes Away

A letter from *The Aquarian Ministry*, Santa Barbara, California, cites the recent passing of their leader, *George B. Brownell.* In the communication, his wife, *Louise B. Brownell* says: "*My husband seems very close to us here at the Ministry and I feel that he has awakened quickly to the higher life experience, joining a group on higher planes whom we have been conscious of, and whom he worked with from early twenties. We always felt and had much corroboration of the fact that they brought us together to do the Ministry work, and I feel he, with them, will continue to help us. I have been wonderfully sustained and have felt a great peace for I know we continue on together in this beautiful work.*"

—oo—

Objections to Spiritualism

Although an unsolved difficulty in connection with any subject or theory does not amount to an argument in opposition, there are many people who flatter themselves that they have disposed of *Spiritualism* by the mere enumeration of a few of these preliminary difficulties which at first beset the path of the investigator. To state an objection is not necessarily to dispose of an argument, and you cannot get rid of a fact by asking how and why it appears as such, even though you receive no satisfactory answer.

For instance the thread-bare objection — "*Why don't Houdini come back? . . . if IT were true his wife would have received a message*" and "*Isn't it all mind reading?*" and "*Why did the Fox girls 'crack their toe joints',*" etc. etc. Objections, such as these, are silly but some of those outside looking in, use them—thinking that by posing these objections in the form of questions that they are displaying a wide knowledge of the subject whereas they are doing nothing of the sort.

In the first place, whether *Houdini* came back or he didn't come back is unimportant . . . the whole case for *Spiritualism* does not rest upon a man who devoted his life to the business of fooling people. *In the second place,* there isn't one person in a thousand that knows what "*mind-reading*" is, so how would they know what IT is like in order to assume a comparison. *In the third place,* if the "*toe-cracking*" argument is paramount, then let that neophyte go to Lily Dale and try to prove that is the way that *Flo Cottrell* produces the rappings in the Fox Cottage. The world has not produced the human who can snap their toes to the rapid tune of "YANKEE DOODLE" . . . and rappings are heard each summer in this very same Fox Cottage through the mediumship of Miss Cottrell.

—oo—

August Chicago Convention

The United Bible Spiritualist Association of America will hold its annual conference of churches, August 22, 23 and 24, at the Masonic Temple of Austin, 241 North Central Ave., Chicago, Illinois, according to President Rev. Mina L. Nash of Detroit, Michigan. Business meetings will be held each morning during the conference. In the afternoon and evening, special Spiritualist services will be held at which time prominent speakers and mediums will be presented. For additional information write Revs. Fred and Emily Ludmann, Pastors of the Faith Spiritual Church, 2614 North Austin Ave., Chicago (19) Illinois.

—oo—

Chaney's New Book

Admirers of some of the nation's greatest mediums will soon have an opportunity to read about these mediums' methods of psychic development in Rev. Robert G. Chaney's new book MEDIUMS AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Humorous and tragic incidents in the mediums' lives as well as their ideas on the development of mediumship will be included in the book, making it interesting to every lay Spiritualist as well as students of mediumistic development. The eighteen mediums about whom Rev. Chaney has written are: Edward Lester *Thorne*, Bertie Lilly *Candler*, James M. *Laughton*, Bertha R. *Marx*, John W. *Bunker*, Carl Horton *Pierce*, Mable *Riffle*, Hugh Gordon *Burroughs*, Mamie B. *Schulz*, Albert E. *Vaughn Strode*, Clifford L. *Bias*, Nellie *Curry*, M. McBride *Panton*, Geraldine *Pelton*, William H. *Jackson*, Maud *Fox*, Richard *Zenor* and himself.

A portrait of each of the mediums has been drawn by *Gretchen Houck*, formerly an artist with the J. L. Hudson Company of Detroit, Michigan. An announcement of publication will appear in an early issue of PSYCHIC OBSERVER. MEDIUMS AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP will be Rev. Chaney's third book, former ones being BIBLICAL SPIRITUALISM and HEAR MY PRAYER.

—oo—

Missouri Spiritualists Elect

The 49th convention of The State Spiritualist Association of Missouri, closed resently. A new President, Vice President and two trustees were elected; The 1946 official board: James E. *Schackleford*, President Emeritus; Dr. C. R. *Curren*, President; Edward *Botham*, Vice President; Wm. R. *Fuller*, Secretary; Adam *Kuehnel*, Treasurer; Victor *Ordrop*, Trustee; Harry *Sotherlin*, Trustee; Carl *Boeschen*, Trustee; Florence *Stafford*, Kansas City, Mo., Trustee; John *Foreman*, Kansas City, Mo., Trustee.

There has been a complete revision of their Constitution and By-Laws, which will be adopted at their next Convention.

—oo—

Strack Passes Away

According to reports received just before this edition went to press, Rev. Harry P. Strack, secretary of the National Spiritualist Association, passed away at his home in Washington, D. C.

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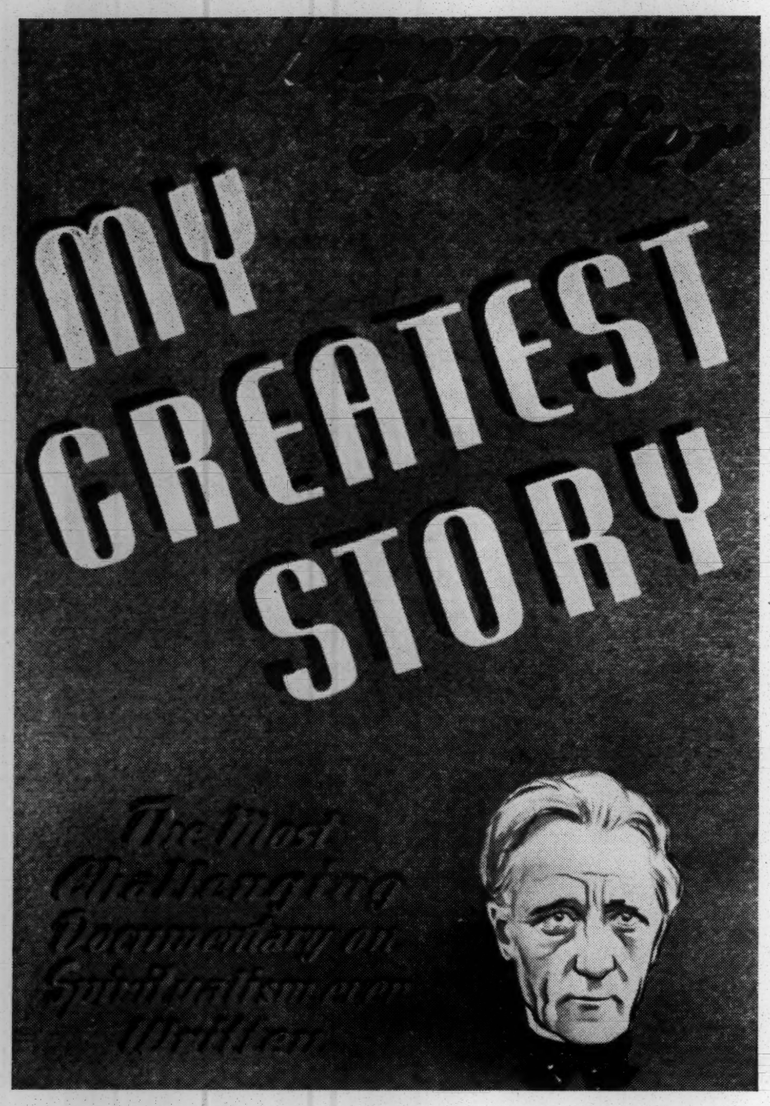

The title of this book means precisely what it says. To appreciate its full significance you have to keep in mind the background of the author.

All his life, as a journalist, he has pursued the "*big story.*" He has been everywhere and "*met them all.*"

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"*As an agnostic, I sneered at the idea,*" he says. "*As a cynic to whom Spiritualism was a delusion, I mocked. Yet, being a journalist used to probing things, however apparently fantastic they might seem at first hearing, I set out on an inquiry.*"

And what Swaffer probed and proved, in the long course of his fact-finding mission, forms the material of this revealing and fascinating book. Across its pages marches a vast procession of distinguished persons of all classes and many nations, all bearing witness to the author's irrevocable verdict that death is not the end—that beyond the grave there is a full and rich existence.

"*I know—I do not believe—that it is possible for the world in which so-called 'dead' people live to communicate with this one,*" declares the author. "*But mere assertion is not enough,*" he adds. *I must offer my readers proofs. Proofs have been vouchsafed to me, through the years, in manifold and multiform variety. I have noted them down with meticulous care and accuracy, and all those proofs are collected within the following pages.*"

Here, then, is a book different entirely from the usual treatise on Spiritualism. It has all the enchantment and high drama of a novel; it contains a wealth of anecdote and personal reminiscence. There is much that will be considered truly "*amazing*" and a lot that "*Orthodoxy*" will find decidedly unpalatable.

But, throughout its length, this challenging documentary is informed by a passionate sincerity, and an abiding faith in "*The Great Creative Spirit*" which, in the author's words, "*is the source, the present and the end of all life.*"

The purpose of the book is not to convert the unbeliever. It is essentially a record of patient and objective inquiry into phenomena that have perplexed the mind of man throughout the ages.

Whatever else it may succeed in doing, this book must inevitably bring a measure of consolation and hope to all who mourn, and particularly those bereaved through the ravages of war.

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(P-189)

The ENDURING BOND

Once there was a woman who loved a man, and he died; and she sought some way to reach him where he was, and could not. And One came to her, and said: "I *have been sent to help thee, for thy crying has been heard; what is thy need?*"

An she answered, "*That I might find the soul of my husband, who is dead.*"

And the Shining One said to her, "*That may be done only if there is a bond between you that death could not break.*"

And she said: "*Surely there is a bond! I have lain in his bosom; I have kissed his dear hands over and over for love of him.*"

But the angel shook his head and said, "*There is no bond.*"

Then she raised her head proudly and said, "*Surely there is a bond. I have held his children in my arms; with their innocence they have bound us together. By the sorrow in which I bore them, there is an enduring bond.*"

But the angel said very sadly, "*Even this will not suffice.*"

Then the woman paled; but she said, "*My spirit and that of my husband were one; in naught were we separate. Each answered each without speech. We were one. Does not this hold?*"

"*Thou Hast Found the Bond*"

But the angel answered very low, "*It does not hold. In the domain of death all these bonds of which thou speakest crumble to nothing. The very shape of them has departed, so that they are as if they never were. Think yet once more before I leave thee, if there is one thread to bind thee to him whom thou lovest; for if not, he has passed from thee forever.*"

And the woman was silent; but she cried to herself desperately, "*He shall not go from me!*" And the angel withdrew a little way. And the woman thought a thought, with deep inward communing; and after a space she raised her pale, drawn face, and gazed with timid eyes at the pitying angel.

And she said, though her voice was as the last whisper of the dying waves upon the shore: "*Once, but long ago, he and I thought of God together.*"

And the angel gave a loud cry; and his shining wings smote the earth, and he said, "*Thou hast found the bond! thou hast found the bond!*"

And the woman looked, and lo! there lay in her hand a tiny thread, faintly golden, as if woven from strands of the sunlight.

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(P-189-194)

JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

1854 - 1920

Factual Data About One of America's Most Learned Investigators of Psychic Science

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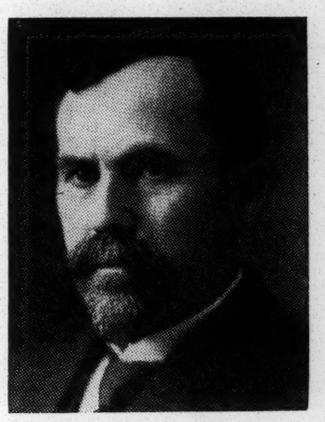
Professor of Logic and Ethics from 1889-1902 at Columbia University New York, one of the most distinguished American psychical researchers.

In 1888, in a skeptical frame of mind, he was brought for the first time in touch with the supernormal through *Leonore E. Piper.* Messages from his father and relatives poured through. They reminded him of facts known and unknown to him. He was intensely puzzled.



PROFESSOR HYSLOP

Out of 205 incidents mentioned in the record of his sixteenth sitting, he was able to verify no fewer than 152.

The personality of the communicators was so strong and impressive that after twelve sittings he had no hesitation in declaring: "*I have been talking with my father, my mother, my brother, my uncles. Whatever supernormal powers we may be pleased to attribute to Mrs. Piper's secondary personalities, it would be difficult to make me believe that these secondary personalities could have thus completely reconstituted the mental personality of my dead relatives. To admit this would involve me in too many improbabilities. I prefer to believe that I have been talking to my dead relatives in person; it is simpler.*"

When *Dr. Richard Hodgson* passed away in 1905, he took his place as chief investigator of *Mrs. Piper* and devoted the following year to the organization of a new American S.P.R. The work was successful and he became the active spirit of the new society, the first Journal of which was published in January, 1907. For the first two years he was assisted by *Dr. Hereward Carrington,* later by *Dr. W. F. Prince.*

Hyslop was a prolific writer and the greatest American propagandist of survival. In his *Life After Death,* he forcefully states: "*I regard the existence of discarnate spirits as scientifically proved and I no longer refer to the skeptic as having any right to speak on the subject. Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward. I give him short thrift, and do not propose any longer to argue with him on the supposition that he knows anything about the subject.*"

He contributed many ingenious theories to psychical literature. He made a deep study of multiple personality and obsession, and came to the conclusion that in many cases it is due to spirit possession. In his will he founded an Institute for the treatment of obsession through the instrumentality of mediums.

The evidence of his spirit return is discussed by his secretary, Gertrude O. Tubby, in her *James Hyslop—His Book.*

Books by J. H. Hyslop: *Science and a Future Life,* 1906; *Borderland of Psychical Research,* 1906; *Enigmas of Psychical Research,* 1906; *Psychical Research and the Resurrection,* 1908; *Psychical Research and Survival,* 1913; *Life After Death,* 1918; *Contact With the Other World,* 1919.

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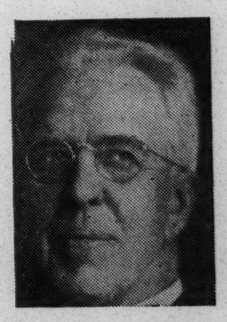

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(P-193)